Henry Lord Darby Husband to Margt
Margt
Margaret
Archebald Douglas Earl of Angus & husband of
Henry 7.th King of England
Elizabeth Eldest daughter of K. E. the 4. maryed to King H. 7.
Edward the 4.th first kinge of the house of yorke

Henry Lord Darby Husband to Margt
Margt
Margaret
Archebald Douglas Earl of Angus & husband of
Henry 7.th King of England
Elizabeth Eldest daughter of K. E. the 4. maryed to King H. 7.
Edward the 4.th first kinge of the house of yorke

TO THE MAIESTIE OF KING *IAMES.*

A gratulatorie Poem

by *Michaell Drayton.*

AT LONDON
Printed by *Iames Roberts*, for *T. M.*
and *H. L.* 1603.

TO THE MAIESTIE of King IAMES.

(***)

THE hopefull raigne of a moſt happy King,
Loe thus excites our early Muſe to ſing,
Of her own ſtrength which boldly thus preſumes,
That's yet vnimpt with any borowed plumes,
A Counſailes wiſdome, and their graue fore-ſight,
Lends me this luſter, and reſplendent light:
Whoſe well-prepared pollicie, and care,
For theyr indoubted Soueraigne ſo prepare,
Other vaine titles ſtrongly to withſtand,
Plac'd in the boſome of a peacefull Land:
That blacke deſtruction which now many a day,
Had fix'd her ſterne eye for a violent pray,
Fruſtrate by their great prouidence and power,
Her very nerues is ready to deuoure,
And euen for griefe downe ſincking in a ſwound
Beats her ſnak'd head againſt the verdant ground.

But whilſt the ayre thus thunders with the noiſe,
Perhaps vnheard, why ſhould I ſtraine my voyce?
Whē ſtirs, & tumults haue been hor'ſt & proudeſt,
The noble Muſe hath ſong the ſtern'ſt & lowdeſt;
And know great Prince, that Muſe thy glory ſings,
(What ere detraction ſnarle) was made for Kings.
The neighing courſer in this time of mirth,
That with his arm'd hooſe beats th'reecchoing earth,
The trumpets clangor, & the peoples cry;
Not like the Muſe can ſtrike the burniſh'd skie,
vvhich ſhould heauē quench th'eternal quicking ſprings
The ſtars put out, could light thē with her wings.
What though perhaps my ſelfe I not intrude
Amongſt th'vnſtedy wondring multitude,
The tedious tumults, and the boyſtrous throng,
That preſſe to view thee as thou com'ſt along,
The praiſe I giue thee ſhall thy welcome keepe,
Whē all theſe rude crowds in the duſt ſhal ſleepe,
And when applauſe and ſhouts are huſh'd & ſtill,
Thē ſhal my ſmooth verſe chant thee cleer & ſhril.

With

With thy beginning, doth the Spring begin,
And as thy Vsher gently brings thee in,
Which in consent doth happily accord
With the yeere kept to the incarnate Word,
And in that Month (cohering by a fate)
By the old world to wisdome dedicate,
Thy Prophet thus doth seriously apply,
As by a strong vnfailing Augury,
That as the fruitfull, and ful-bosom'd Spring,
So shall thy raigne be rich and florishing:
The month thy conquests, & atchieuements great
By those shall sit on thy Imperiall seate,
And by the yeere I seriously diuine
The Crowne for euer setled in thy line.
From *Cornwall* now past *Calidons* proude strength,
Thy Empire beares eight hundred miles in length:
Halfe which in bredth her bosome forth doth lay
From the faire *German* to'th *Vergiuian* sea: The Irish Sea.
Thy Realme of *Ireland*, a most fertile Land,
Brought in subiection to thy glorious hand,

And

And all the Iles theyr chalkie tops aduance
To the ſunne ſetting from the coaſt of Fraunce.
Saturne to thee his ſoueraignty reſignes,
Op'ning the lock'd way to the wealthy mines:
And till thy raigne Fame all this while did houer,
The North-weſt paſſage that thou might'ſt diſco-
Vnto the Indies, where that treaſure lies (uer
Whoſe plenty might ten other worlds ſuffice.
Neptune and *Ioue* together doe conſpire,
This giues his trydent, that his three-forkt fire,
And to thy hand doe giue the kayes to keepe,
Of the profound immeaſurable deepe.
But ſoft my Muſe, check thy abundant ſtraine
To the conceiuing of th'vnskilfull braine,
That whilſt thy true deſcent I doe rehearſe,
Th'vnlearned'ſt ſoule may ſweetly taſt my verſe:
Which now in order let me firſt diſpoſe,
And tell the vnion of the bleſſed Roſe,
That to thy Grandſire *Henry* I may bring thee,
(From whom I after to thy birth may ſing thee.)

That

That *Tudors* blood did worthily prefer,
From the great Queene that beautious Dowager,
Whose sonne braue *Richmond* frō the Brittons fet,
Graft in the stock of Princely *Sommerset*,
The third faire Sien, the sweet Roseat plant,
Sprong from the Roote of the Lancastrian *Gant*,
Which had seauenth *Henry*, that of royall blood
By his deere Mother, is the Red-rose bud,
As theyr great *Merlin* propheci'd before
Should the old Brittons regalty restore,
Which *Henry* raigning by th'vsurpers death,
Maried the Princesse faire *Elizabeth*
Fourth *Edwards* daughter, whose predest'nate bed
Did thus conioyne the White-rose, and the Red:
These Roseall branches as I thus entwyne,
In curious trayles embellishing thy lyne,
To thy bleft Cradell let me bring thee on,
Rightly deriu'd from thy great Grandsires throne.
Who holding Scotlands amity in worth,
Strongly to linck him with King *Iames* the fourth,

Katherine wife to Henry the fift.

Edmond Tudor Earle of Richmond, sonne of Owen Tudor by the Queene.

The daughter of Iohn Duke of Sommerset, sonne of Iohn Earle of Sommerset the sonne of Iohn of Gaunt.

His eldeſt daughter did to him vnite,
Th'vnparaleld bright louely *Margarite*,
Which to that husband proſperouſly did bring,
The fifth of that Name, *Scotlands* lawfull King,
Father to *Mary* (long in *England* ſeene)
The *Daulphins* dowager, the late *Scottish* Queene.

Maried whilſt he was Daulphin.

But now to *Margarite* backe againe to come,
From whoſe ſo fruitfull, and moſt bleſſed wombe
We bring our full ioy, *Iames* her husband dead,
Tooke gallant *Anguish* to a ſecond bed,

Archibald Dowglaſſe Earle of Angish.

To whom ere long ſhe bare a princely gerle,

The Counteſſe of Lenox.

Maried to *Lenox*, that braue-iſſued Earle,
This beautious *Dowglaſſe*, as the powers imply,
Brought that Prince *Henry*, Duke of *Albany*,

Henry Lord Darly.

who in the prime of ſtrẽgth, in youths ſum'd pride
Maried the Scotch Queene on the other ſide;
Whoſe happy bed to that ſweet Lord did bring,
This Brittaine hope, *Iames* our vndoubted King,
In true ſucceſsion, as the firſt of other
Of *Henries* line by Father, and by Mother.

Thus frō the old ſtock ſhowing thee ſprong to be,
Grafting the pure *VVhite*, with the *Red-roſe* tree,
By mixture made vermillion as they meet,
For in that colour is the Roſe moſt ſweet:
So in thy Crowne the precious flower that growes
Be it the Damaske, or Vermillion Roſe,
Amongſt thoſe Reliques, that victorious King,
Edward cald *Longshanks*, did from Scotland bring,
And as a Trophie royally preſer
To the rich Shrine in famous Weſtminſter,
That ſtone reſeru'd in England many a day,
On which great *Iacob* his graue head did lay,
And ſaw deſcending Angels whilſt he ſlept:
Which ſince that time by ſundry Nations kept.
(From age to age I could recite you how,
Could I my pen that liberty alow.)
An ancient Prophet long agoe fore-told,
(Though fooles their ſawes for vanities doe hold)
A King of Scotland, ages comming on,
Where it was found, be crown'd vpon that ſtone.

Recorded to be that ſtone whereon Iacob ſlept.

A Prophecie belonging to that ſtone.

To the Maiestie

Two famous Kingdoms seperate thus long,
Within one Iland, and that speake one tongue,
Since *Brute* first raign'd, (if men of *Brute* alow)
Neuer before vnited vntill now,
what power, nor war could do, nor time expected,
Thy blessed birth hath happily effected.
O now reuiue that noble Brittaines name,
From which at first our ancient honors came,
Which with both Nations fitly doth agree
That Scotch and English without difference be,
And in that place wher feuds were wont to spring
Let vs lightligs, and ioyfull Pæans sing.
Whilst such as rightly propheci'd thy raigne,
Deride those Ideots held their words for vaine.
Had not my soule beene proofe gainst enuies spite
I had not breath'd thy memory to write:
Nor had my zealous, and religious layes
Told thy rare vertues, and thy glorious dayes.
Renowned Prince, when all these tumults cease,
Euen in the calme, and Musick of thy peace,

If

If in thy grace thou deigne to fauour vs,
And to the Mules be propitious,
Cæſar himſelfe, Roomes glorious wits among,
Was not ſo highly, nor diuinely ſung.
The very earthl'eſt & degenerat'ſt ſpirit,
That is moſt voyd of vertue, and of merit,
With the auſteer'ſt, and impudenteſt face,
Will thruſt himſelfe the formoſt to thy grace;
Thoſe ſilken, laced, and perfumed hinds,
That haue rich bodies, but poore wretched minds,
But from thy Court (O Worthy) baniſh quite
The foole, the Pandar, and the Paraſite,
And call thy ſelfe moſt happy (then be bold)
When worthie places, worthi'ſt men doe hold,
The ſeruile clowne for ſhame ſhall hide his head,
His ignorance, and baſeneſſe muſtrated,
Set louely vertue euer in thy view,
And loue them moſt, that moſt doe her purſue,
So ſhalt thou ad renowne vnto thy ſtate,
A King moſt great, moſt wiſe, moſt fortunate.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

FOr the more apt contriuing of this part or branch of the Genealogie, thoſe to whom (from me) the coppie appertaineth, haue now againſt this ſpeedy, and ſecond impreſsion of this ſmall Poem diligently performed, to which intent I haue ſet theſe few lines in the place of the other ſhort Epiſtle, to cancell the former excuſe, made for the ſpeedy dooing of the laſt: whoſe proportion beeing (I truſt) ſufficient, needes no further alowance then it ſelfe, in giuing apt bodies to thoſe deſcents, in manner as they are truly wouen in the Poem: Farewell.

BENT Bibl. Bodl. IUSTICIENSIS